

START EVERY MORNING THIS WEEK WITH THE

WARNING — PLEASE READ
YOU WILL BE REWARDED WITH AN AUTHENTIC MODEL OF THE
HUMAN SKELETON

ONLY IF YOU

DO NOT HURRY

CARE, DELIBERATION, PATIENCE ARE REQUIRED IN EVERY ASSEMBLY
PROCEDURE TO ENSURE DESIRABLE APPEARANCE OF YOUR MODEL.

Note: For best results and ease of assembly, it is desirable for you
to follow the assembly procedure in the sequence indicated. Before
applying cement, check fit of individual parts and trim off excess
plastic where necessary to assure a perfect fit. Care and patience
will reward you with a neat, accurate working model that you will
be proud to display.

USE CEMENT FOR POLYSTYRENE PLASTIC ONLY

1 assemble skull

SKULL

Apply cement as indicated and cement Facial Bones
to Skull Base. Without cement, snap Jawbone to
Skull Base assembly as shown in drawing (a). In-
sert rubber band through hole in Skull Top with
end of toothpick. Then insert toothpick through rub-
ber band loop as a stop, and pull rubber band all
the way through. Cement Skull Top to Skull Base
assembly, allowing rubber band to dangle through
hole in Skull Base as shown in drawing (b). Set
Skull assembly aside.

NOTE: CHECK FIT OF PARTS AND TRIM IF
NECESSARY. BLUE TONE ON DRAWINGS
INDICATES CEMENTING AREAS.



BLOCKPRINT BODY BUILDING COURSE

Letters To Editor

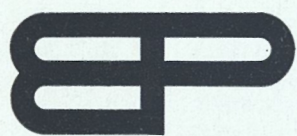
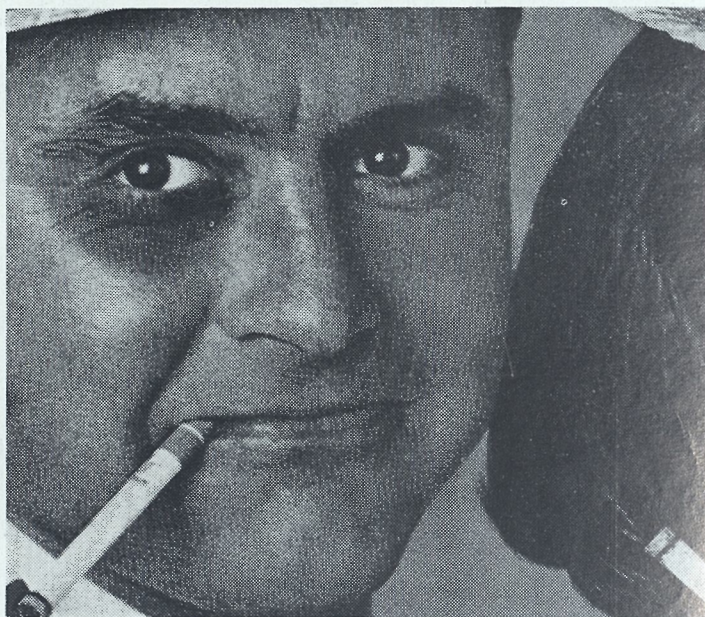
Dear Mr. Spencer,

Thank you for sending the copies of B.P. The are a great contrast to THE FORT DIX MIRROR and ARMY DIGEST (the first is, of course, a satire on the Army paralleling Rape of the Lock, and other is a pornographic comic book published in the dirty cellar in Greenwich Village where "Groovy" was killed). I'll see you next Friday with a hot item I've been working on. Until then the only thing I can think of to say is "What ever happened to Dean Paisner?"

With Sincerety,
Mr. RA11803467



Blockprint Staffers who exposed ring



BLOCKPRINT

Vol. 17 No. 7

December 4, 1967

Lead Vocal and Harmonica Ronn Spencer

Percussion Louise Sellner

Repercussions Gordon Allen

Fender Bass Tim Duffy

Vocals on tracks 3 and 4 Charles Leonard

Harpsichord Chris Maynard

Theramin Ken Hartley

12 String Guitars Alex Siberstein and Neal Dahill

Lead Guitar Joe Saulnier
C. C. Wolf and Phil Spector

Triangle Bob Krywy and Julie Taylor

Sitar Kathy Lastomirsky

Studio Musicians
Mike Casey, Karl Windhorst, Francis Trotta, John Schultz, Jeanne Roszczewski, Greg Steinsieck, John Robert, Joan Kraisky, Paxson Kimbrough, Dear Abbot, Ricardo Alonzo, Ed Bobart.

Album Cover Designed by Don Simon

Recorded Live at Gerry Mansion

FOR BEST RESULTS PLAY BLOCKPRINT
AT FULL VOLUME

"It's not gravity that holds you down —
THE WORLD SUCKS"
Mike Casey

This Album Dedicated to T.E.D. Klein

Associate with the Underground Press
Syndicate

HOMOSEXUAL

EXPPOSED IN

We're putting the paper together tonight and the staff is in a state of insanity 'cause there's nothing to print and they're stomping on typewriters and drinking beer and smoking Luckies and I'm overseeing this entire mess sitting on my dead butt trying to think of something terribly nasty to say about anybody or anything 'cause my glands are all swollen and Weezy's been sick too and I figured I could take this whole situation out on the Student Council or Dean Paisner or some poor crippled kid or the Salvation Army bell-ringer down on the Mall or somebody but I figured it would be lots better to just occasionally yell at someone down here for nothing or order people around but even that's not working so maybe I'll be nice to everyone and even print the Basketball and Hockey schedules or anything else we get 'cause what the hell nobody even cares this week and maybe Don can save this atrocity by making it look keen (maybe it'll be a daily this week) or Charlotte, Smelly, Casey, Julie Flip-Out, or "Two Beers" will come up with something to save us before it's time to take this to Adam the Printer out by the Capitol or I'll sit here and not care about our fate like us and everybody else in this school while the paper goes to ruin before my very eyes but you will understand dear readers if this thing makes no sense this week it's because the whole thing was

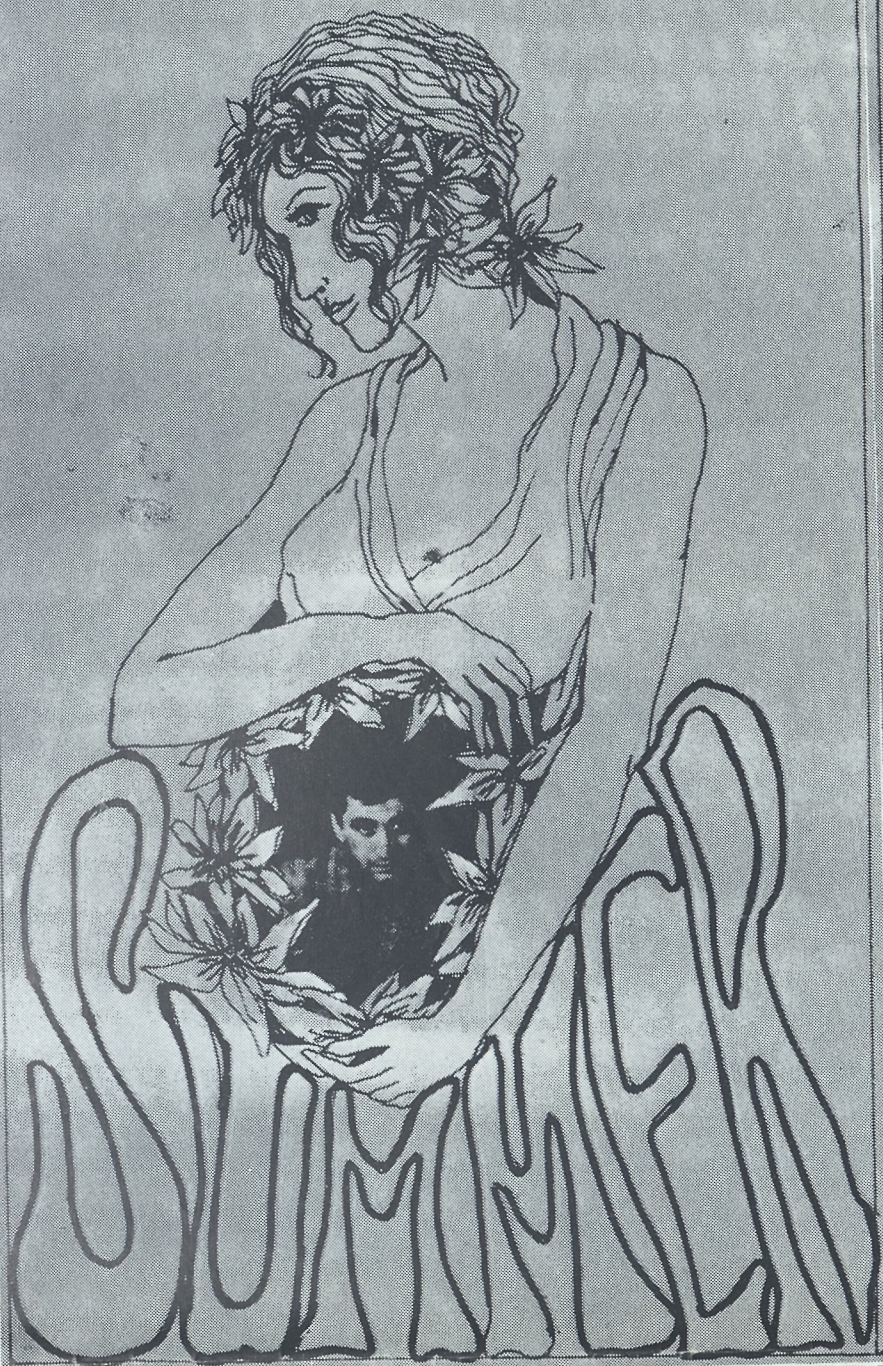
conceived and written entirely on Wednesday night and we're pretty tired and we work our asses off all year for you people JUST SO YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT — think of it — if not for us there'd only be the administration, the weather, and the War in Vietnam to bitch about and what the hell would you read at lunch or in the snack bar so if you don't like this week's BP I don't wanna hear about it and neither does anybody else so write us a letter instead or come down here and help which means put up or shut up 'cause we don't care if you like BP or not 'cause we love IT and we hate YOU tonite cause we need somebody to blame but forgive us 'cause you're the only one around and I don't really hate you even if you hate me and this article 'cause we really dig being down here doing this thing and anyhow I kissed Dear Abbott tonite and I feel great so leave me alone to read the latest copy of "Catholic Digest" but do me one favor and go see JOHN HAMMOND ON DECEMBER 8th in the refectory cause we had a lot to do getting him here and he's great with the Screamin' Nighthawks so go and yell and scream and dance your ass off and smash chairs and things but GO 'cause it'll be one of the best things that happened in this dull hole and I LOVE YOU DORM COUNCIL for bringing him here.

Ronn

RING EXPOSED

HOMOSEXUAL





Letters to Editor

The BLOCKPRINT PHOTO CRITIC IS:

(check one)

- a. ☐ Ignorant
- b. ☐ Ignorant of photography
- c. ☐ Ignorant of the greater body of work done by the photographers in the Guggenheim Show.
- d. ☐ All of the above.
- e. ☐ None of the above.

From comments made in the November 20th BP, the BLOCKPRINT PHOTO CRITIC (I use the term loosely) apparently failed to thoroughly read the Guggenheim Photography Catalogue before writing about the show. I quote the catalogue:

"In some case, the final goal was the photographs themselves; in others, the camera was used as a tool for research. Although a majority of the recipients have been professional photographers, others were committed to architecture, literature, anthropology and other disciplines."

What should be criticized in this show (at the RISD Museum through December 5) is the omission, in many cases, of a photographer's best work. A little research on the part of Mr. Critic might have revealed this to him.

Another unfortunate feature of the show is the use of plexiglass instead of regular glass to "protect" the prints. Every scratch and blemish on the surface of the plexiglass casts a shadow on the print making a technically good print look as though it were printed by an amateur. Edward Weston, for example, was fanatic about print quality, but in the Guggenheim show his prints look as if someone hacked them to pieces with a knife.

The BP article says:

"Dead are:
The Slum-scape
The Peasants
A House
The Poor Dear Oppressed Southern Negro
Dunes, Waves, and Such" etc.

But if these subjects "are dead" their demise was brought about by the outstanding work of some of these same photographers. Also, the show represents work from 1937 to 1965. Much of it was done in the 40's and 50's and may not necessarily reflect attitudes and views of 1967.

It is unfortunate that bad presentation may have given many people a bad impression of the show. Some responsible criticism might have helped. If BP must comment on a show, best do so with some knowledge of the subject, then some solutions might appear. Lets not be NEGATIVE (pardon the use of the word) for the sake of being NEGATIVE!

Graduate Photography
Robert F. Haiko

Dear Blockprint,

I would like to call your attention to a serious oversight in giving credit to a member of your staff. This boy is a spirited member of your staff as well as of the school. He is seen everywhere, and yet he's as subtle as a drawn breath. I've been low, and felt great self-pity over my own problems. And Robert Krywy has been there. Been there not because he notices I'm down, but because he's "Two Beers". And he's everywhere. And he's been a relief. God bless you, Mr. Krywy.

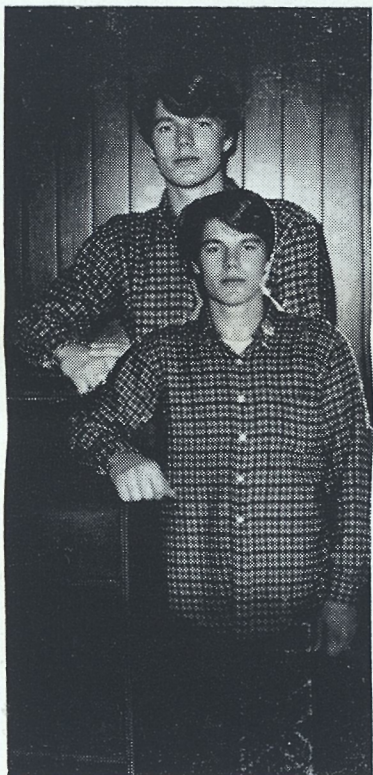
Michael H. Casey

Dear BP,

Here we sit, twenty eight of us, a director and a critic. The ancient palazzo itself sits in the oldest part of the city. We struggle over Italian sometimes with success. We stumble into Michaelangelo's piazzas en route to a coffee break. We walk past Bernini's fountains on the way to dinner. We look up over a Borromini church for weather signs. To avoid certain death in the traffic, we cross under the street and, in the passageway we notice the cat smell and look through window glass at subterranean Roman ruins. On Thursdays we picnic — last at Etruscan tombs, next at Hadrian's villa. We unintentionally sightsee on hurried trips to the Art Supplies store.

More On The Protest of October 31

In God We Trust
(or a facsimile thereof):



"I object to the C.I.A. . . . They shouldn't "be allowed to" conduct interviews at Brown "indiscriminately."

"I object to the CIA personally, and I wouldn't be able to, in any way, overlook the fact that the CIA was conducting interviews, period. But I don't think that they should be allowed the facilities at Brown University put indiscriminately at their disposal, as has been done in the past."

So spoke Rob Manby, a student at Brown.

Mr. Manby was, and still is (although he is now on a partial probation), one of the major organizers in the Brown protest against the CIA. There were twenty people in his group, which included students from Brown and Pembroke, and some faculty members. Of these twenty, fourteen names were taken down for disciplinary action. These fourteen students were brought before a board (similar to the Disciplinary Committee at RISD), and received a probation forbidding them to participate in any other demonstration at Brown. The consequences for a violation would probably be suspension.

But it wasn't always this way. We saw five million art treasures stored in churches (Just look at those frescoes!) palazzi ("Beautiful") museums ("Did you just see those Bellinis") on an eight day Northern tour. We rushed through these places ("Beautiful really is an inadequate word") at 78 rpm ("Coffee?") bought postcards ("Buy them now, we might not have time to see the real thing") ohed and ahed, tore back into the bus ("This time YOU play the records") talked ("the bus driver just pinched me!") waited ("I know they were right behind me") then left. Onward! We visited enough holy places to get a papal benediction. We sneered at every American Express "Price-

less" Tour ("Everyone back in the bus in five minutes"). Finally, the end of October we arrived Home.

How remote one can feel. The war for instance. We rolled yellow and green fields, saw purple and orange sunsets, tile roofs, cows, umbrella pine trees — the march was on! Time magazine's arrival precipitated quiet comments ("Fascist"). Someone whispered "What's happening?" Of course we too are hampered by the press. The Rome Daily American features as second page stuff a column called "Lend me Your Ears" which lists every American staying in First Class hotels. Blockprint arrives, speaks of violence and revulsion, shows picture of dead chicken's

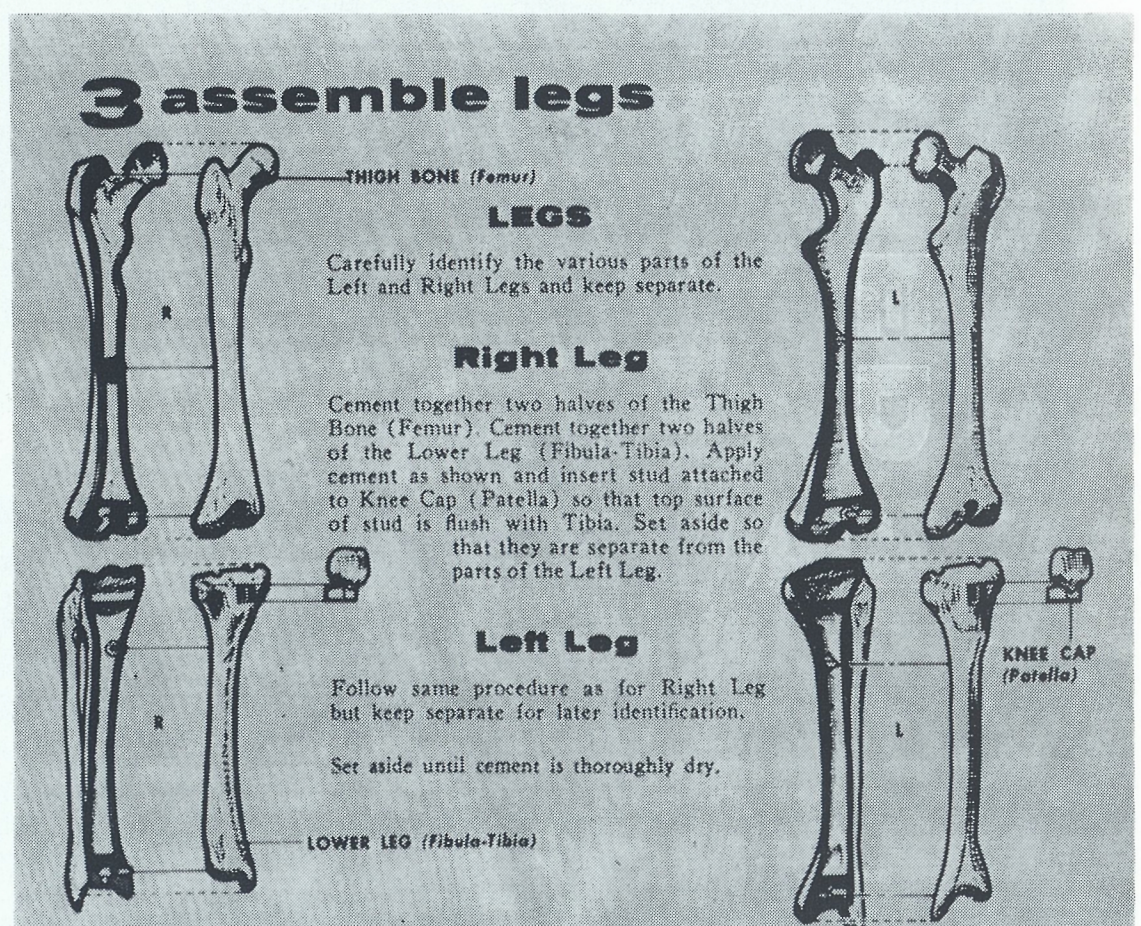
head. The class writes for grad school catalogues, muttering about draft boards. There is an essay contest on "The Meaning of Etruscan Tombs." People work, sleep sometimes, eat well on a dollar and drink white wine talking of the relative merits of Greece or Austria for the Christmas vacation. Someone mentioned that this is midsemester week.

The blurb on the cover of a newly arrived book called "And So to Rome" gives itself to its readers as "A vivid portrayal of 2000 years of Life in the most astonishing city in the history of mankind." Life, you will note is capitalized.

Monte Mathews
European Honors Program
Rome, Italy



MYSTIC MEXICAN MEDITATES



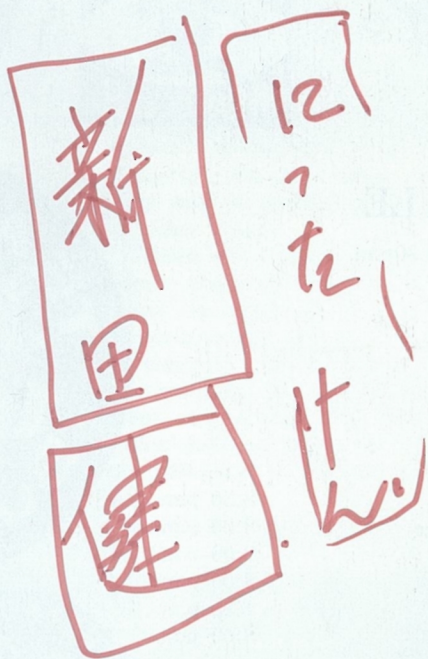
Mr. Manby adds, however, that this would not prevent the "hiring" of twenty other students to do the protesting. This demonstration, as Mr. Manby said, was only a first, and other demonstrations would, of course, have to follow. He continues that, regrettably, the protestors did infringe on the rights and privileg-

es of other students who had made appointments with the representative of the government.

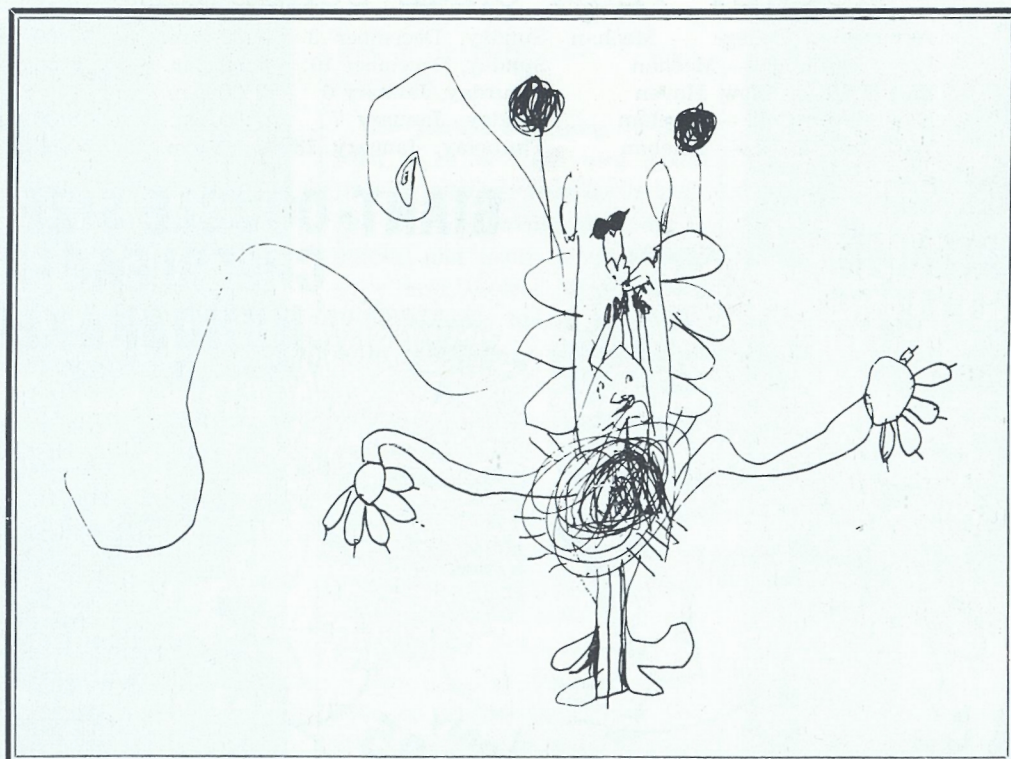
However, this would seem contradictory in the sense that the protestors say that the interviews "were not part of the educational process." The admission of this simply means that those students who are go-

ing to school to become professionals in a certain field, should not be permitted to meet with a representative from that chosen field; this would, of course, hamper their educational goals. The protest prevented students from receiving an education concerning their aspiration.

Roy L. Furman



BLOCKPRINT



"Marsha with Marsha Mouse on her back"

– Duffy the Younger

American, age 6

(courtesy Guggenheim)



RISD BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Practice Sessions at Hope High School — 8:30-10:30p.m.

Wed.	Nov. 1
Tues.	Nov. 7
Thurs.	Nov. 9
Tues.	Nov. 14
Thurs.	Nov. 16

GAMES

1967			
*Mass. College of Art	Fri., Nov. 10	Hope High School	8:30 p.m.
Roger William College	Mon., Nov. 27	Roger Williams College	8:00 p.m.
Berkshire Christian College	Fri., Dec. 1	Lennox, Mass.	8:00 p.m.
Quonset Air Station	Mon., Dec. 4	Quonset	8:00 p.m.
Johnson & Wales (J.V.)	Sat., Dec. 9	Johnston High School	6:30 p.m.
Davisville Sea Bees	Mon., Dec. 11	Davisville, R. I.	8:00 p.m.
1968			
R. I. Junior College	Wed., Jan. 3	Walsh Gym (RIC)	6:30 p.m.
Mass. College of Art	Sat., Jan. 13	YMCA, Huntington Ave., Boston	7:30 p.m.
*Johnson & Wales (J.V.)	Tues., Jan. 16	Johnston High School	8:00 p.m.
*Quonset Air Station	Thurs., Jan. 18	Hope High School	8:00 p.m.
*Davisville Sea Bees	Thurs., Feb. 1	Hope High School	8:30 p.m.
*R. I. Junior College	Thurs., Feb. 15	Hope High School	8:30 p.m.
*Roger Williams College	Mon. Feb. 19	Mount Pleasant High School	8:00 p.m.
*Our Home Games			

CALENDAR

Monday, December 4

7:00 p.m. Mem. Hall - Lecture
John Holt, Speaker - Coffee
Hour following.

8:00 p.m. Quonset - Basketball
with Quonset

Tuesday, December 5

12:00 noon Gym - Dance Class
1:00 p.m. Student Lg. - Tape
Forum
1:00 p.m. Homer Study Lg. -
Mtg. with Vin Moloney
3:00 p.m. 432 - Sound Workshop
5:00 p.m. Homer Study Lg. -
Bible Study Group
9:00 p.m. Tennis Club - Ten-
nis sign up at SAO

Wednesday, December 6

7:00 p.m. 412 - Student Council
Meeting
8:30 p.m. Museum - "Art for
Your Collection" Opening
7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall - Nathan
Lyons - Eastman House Lec-
ture and Show.

HOCKEY TEAM GAME SCHEDULE

Game	Assumption College — Meehan	Sunday, December 3	8:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.
Game	Roger Williams — Meehan	Sunday, December 10	7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.
Game	Yale J. V. — New Haven	Saturday, January 6	2:30 p.m.
Game	New Haven Coll. — Meehan	Sunday, January 7	7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.
Game	Worcester Poly. — Meehan	Thursday, January 18	8:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.

**LARGE SIZE
CHEERLEADER
HANDSHAKERS**

only **79¢** each

**GIANT-DOUBLE SIZE
CHEERLEADER
HANDSHAKERS**

only **\$1.35** each

#CH-161

#162

The Same Quality Shaker as Large Size, But With TWICE The Amount of Tissue! TWICE AS BIG!!

TISSUE COLORS AVAILABLE
Purple, Orange, Maroon, Kelly Green.

Game	Worcester State — Meehan	Saturday, January 20	8:00 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.
Game	New Haven Coll. — Choate Sch.	Friday, January 26	8:00 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.
Game	Trinity Coll. — Meehan	Saturday, February 3	9:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.
Game	R. I. Junior Coll. — Meehan	Sunday, February 4	7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.
Game	Worcester Jr. — Worcester	Monday, February 12	7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.
Game	Roger Williams — Meehan	Sunday, March 3	7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.
Game	Attleboro Rockets — Meehan	Saturday, March 9	8:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.
Game	R. I. Jr. Coll. — Meehan	Sunday, March 10	7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.
Game	Attleboro Rockets — Meehan	Saturday, March 16	8:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.

Two games to be played with Brown University J. V. — Dates not yet finalized.

CALENDAR

Thursday, December 7

12:00 noon Gym - Dance Group
1:00 p.m. Student Lg. - Tape
Forum
6:00 p.m. Boy's Club - Swim
7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall - Film
"King & Country" & "Happy
Anniversary"

Friday, December 8

8:00 p.m. Tennis Club - Tennis
sign up at SAO
8:30 p.m. Refectory - John
Hammond Concert. Tickets at
SAO

Saturday, December 9

6:30 p.m. Johnston High - Bas-
ketball with Johnson & Wales
8:30 p.m. Refectory - Christmas
Dance with Black River Circus
Tickets at SAO.

Sunday, December 10

2:30 p.m. Mem. Hall - Museum
Film "An American in Paris"
7:00 p.m. Upper Refectory -
Catholic Mass
7:00 p.m. Meehan Aud. - Hoc-
key Practice.

The Ultimate In Mixed-Media

The most monumental multi-media artist in the world today is President Lyndon Baines Johnson. Going beyond all conventional modes of expression, Mr. Johnson utilizes the human body as a media during his massive sculptural happenings involving whole countries. Although his work has sparked much controversy, the experimental genius of this man is appreciated by all.

Johnson came to world-wide fame, and became President, as a result of one of his first experimental happenings using human sculpture. It was performed in Dallas in 1963, and was shown on nation-wide television. In the Dallas happening, Johnson used only two bodies as sculpture, boring small holes in them with bullets.

Today Johnson's productions are in a much larger scale. His latest and most ambitious work,

"Vietnam," is an exciting and explosive sculpture happening/light show. Using a pastoral setting which is often subjected to flame throwers and bombings, Johnson's stage is itself a continually changing landscape-sculpture. But his most fascinating technique is his napalm flesh-carvings.

Other current works by the same artist include: "The Great Society", a farcical revue, and "Poverty", which is doing extremely well in Appalachia as well as other areas.

Where will Johnson go on from here? Along the lines of "Vietnam", he might go into a broader environment that he's working on now. He calls it "China". He also has plans for a total involvement happening, "World", in which Johnson hopes to achieve the ultimate in artistic expression.

Alex Silberstein and Dick Bliss

I have a lot more ways of amusing myself than playing with pictures of myself — that reeks of vanity — maybe in the future I'll keep them to myself. — and probably the most dubious is writing articles in Block-print, so carefully plotted to play with the minds of the innocent and flatter those of the aged and sinful, so that in the refectory everyone will tell me how good they are and the deans will take me seriously. Be all sorts of flashy and destructive . . . wait . . . yes . . . its . . . really . . . CONSTRUCTIVE yeahhhhh. Not Stig Wegge flashy, oh, no, we know what that leads to. The whole thing is like talking to girls that despise me so that they go away thinking that under that oh so nasty facade he's really a good shit. Probably insecure or self destructive or some other cute side effect beauty. I'm sick of telling everyone what's wrong just so they don't have to think of it or so I can pretend that it was ME who noticed it so perceptive. Or that I could make it seem worth our thought rather than our lethargic disgust. So I'll tell you what's really wrong. The person who set me off on it was someone who unfortunately embodies most of the faults he sees in everyone else. I don't, Anymore.

The studios are going to take even more of their own damn time in opening because if anyone in the administration did it quickly and easily it would only show how useless they all are and how really simple their work is. It is easier in this world to confuse an easy job until it seems difficult enough to warrant pride than to find a job that really is. Especially if you doubt your power to do it. The dorms will probably never open much more than they are because then you girls might have more fun than your keepers and learn that sex — and none of this screw and back by twelve they trick you into — is a lot more fun — and a lot more human — than becoming some oh so professional something. And you guys are going to go to Vietnam and kill and die and all that keen stuff because you've been brought up on toys like dolls with lugers and swastikas and all sorts of guns and no genitals. Because the ultimate male thrill is to be either party in the gasping death orgasm when a diarretic gun burst rips you into a sobbing maiden

ridden bier. Because you can drink, kill, speed, and screw but you can't cry or love. Thank all those dirty men you call fathers with their True magazines or casualty reports, newspapers, or whatever they thrill to. And if you can't make it in war you'll do your best to kill me or smear yourself on the highway trying. And you'll return to inflict this ecde of sickness on whatever poor family you inflict yourself.

So much for all that. You don't want it changed anymore than those who created it and created you in their image to suffer it. I am in love with a magic girl who has made me realize the magic within me. I will endure the winter and survive this school and spend the spring in the country with my love, a long white dress and my TD and a wicker basket of food and wine, recapturing on the grass a past that never existed.

Steve Lindblom

Announcements

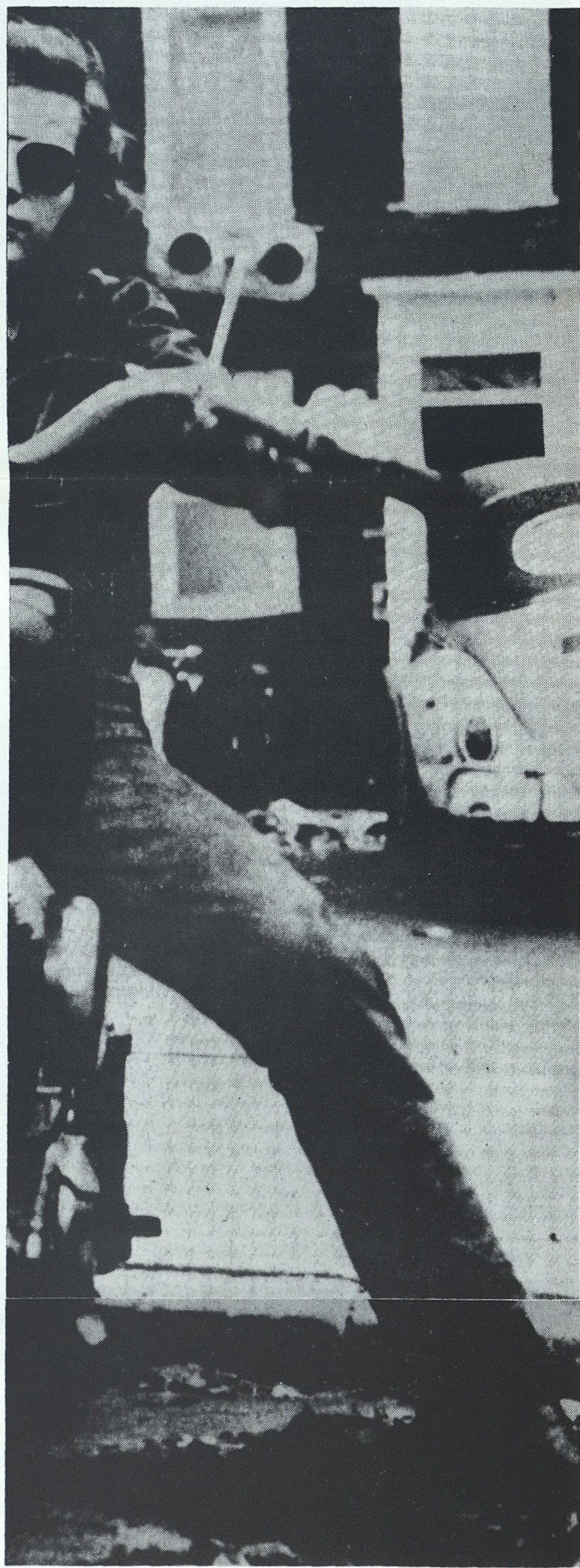
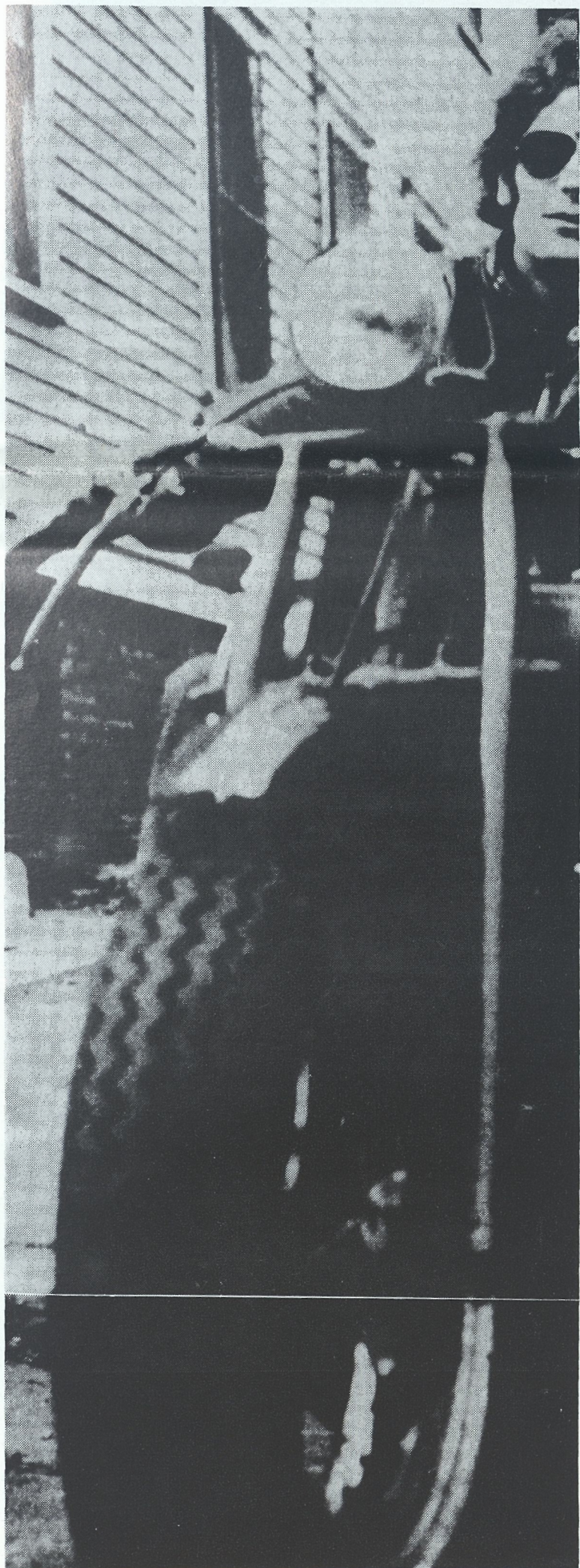
A meeting concerning the production of the February 25th issue of the Rhode Islander Magazine will be held Tuesday, December 5th at 1 p.m. in the Homer Study Lounge. The entire issue will be done by students. Anyone interested in submitting writing and or photographs should be present.

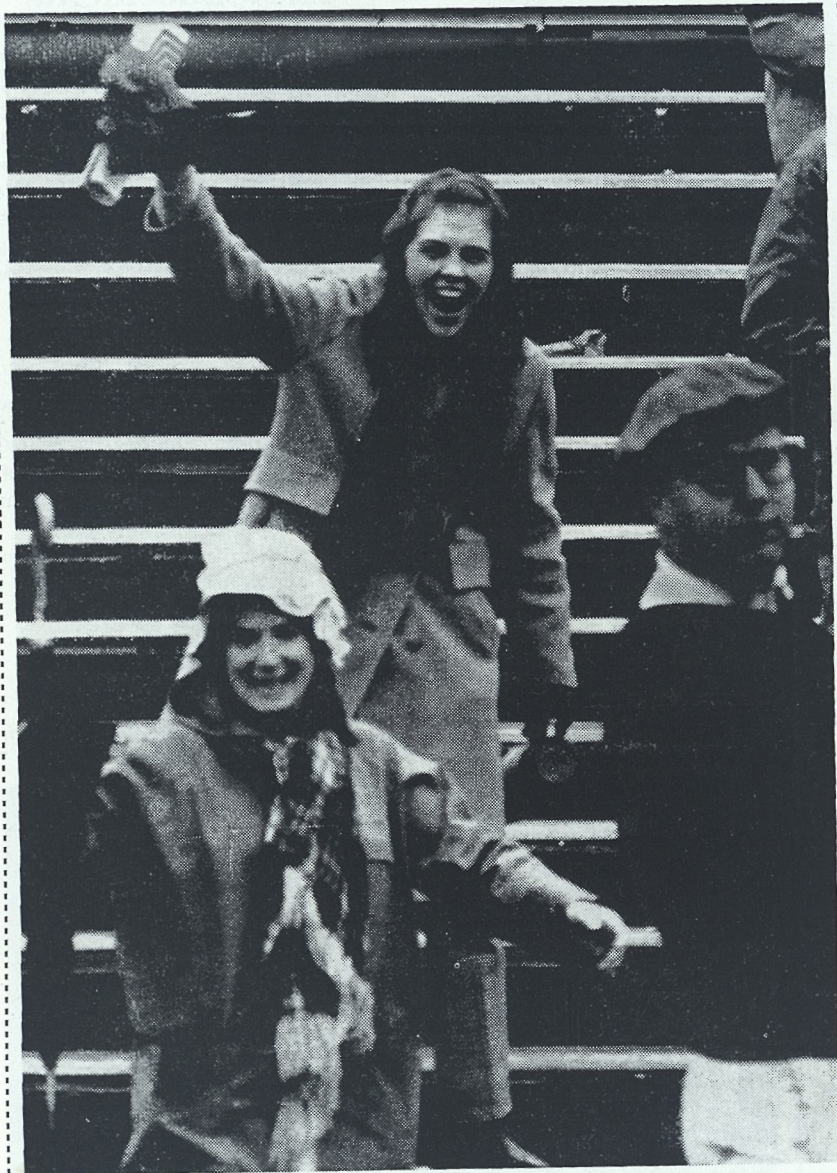
* * *

THE MOUTHPIECE will be open Sunday nights at 7:30 starting December 10; no door fee. It will be a talk and film night forum, open to anyone.

* * *

Recent works by
KRENZEL
now showing at
The Mouthpiece





The Infamous

**Anne Connors
Cheering Brown On**

The first in a series of

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

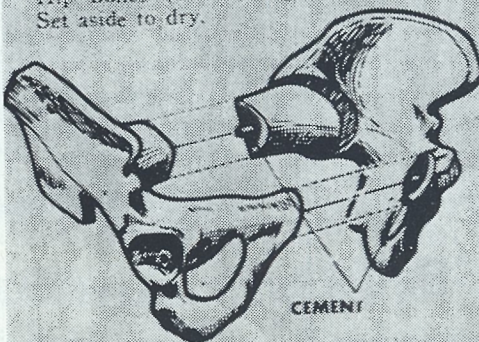
BUBBLE GUM CARDS

**Collect 'Em — Trade 'Em
CARD NO. 1**

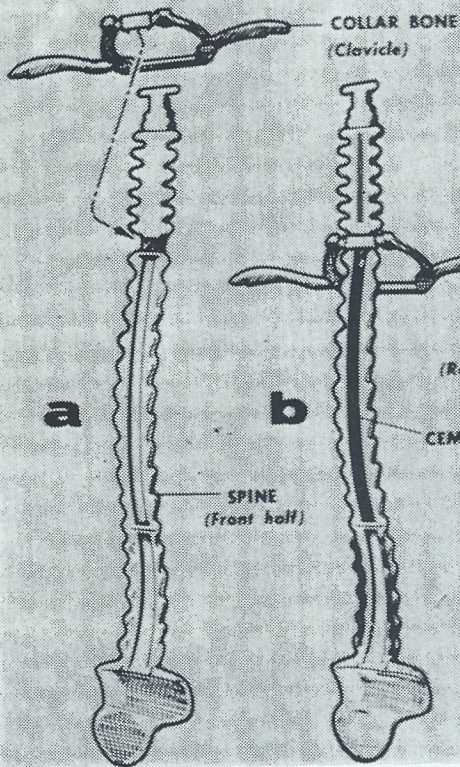
4 assemble pelvis,spinal colum

PELVIS

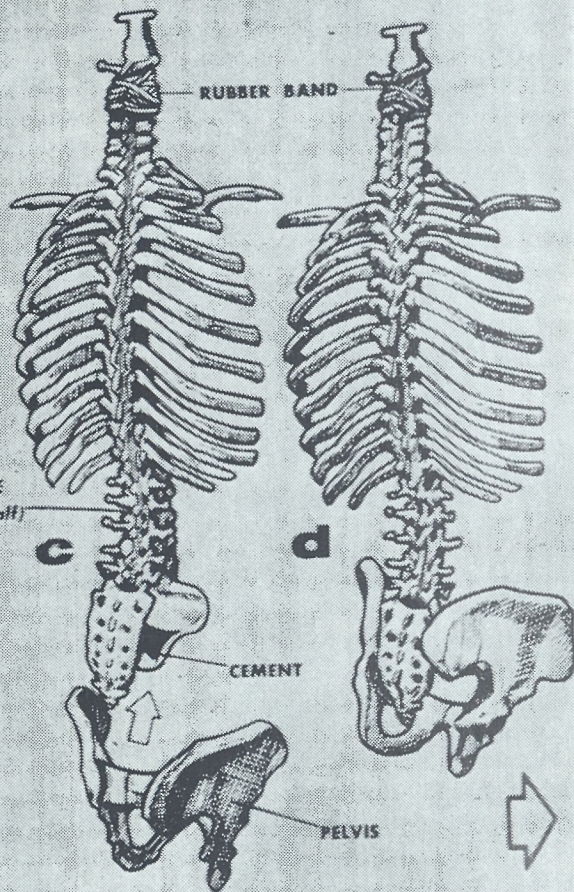
Cement the two halves of the Hip Bones (Pelvis) together
Set aside to dry.



SPINAL COLUMN



Pelvis (previously cemented and now thoroughly set) and Collar Bone (Clavicle) are sandwiched without cement between the Front and Rear Halves of the Spine. Best procedure to follow is to engage the Clavicle to the Front Half of the Spine as shown in the drawings a & b. Apply cement to the areas indicated in drawing b on the Front Half of the Spine. Now locate Rear Half of Spine (which has part of the Rib Cage attached). Clamp the top portion with a rubber band as in drawing c. Insert Pelvis between Front and Rear Halves of Spine as shown in drawings c & d and hold entire assembly together until dry. Note that neither Clavicle nor Pelvis should be cemented to the Spinal Column and each should have slight degree of movement.



**Happy Holiday
and the
Best of New Years
Evelyn and Norman**

DO'S FOR YOUNGSTERS, TEACHERS AND OTHERS

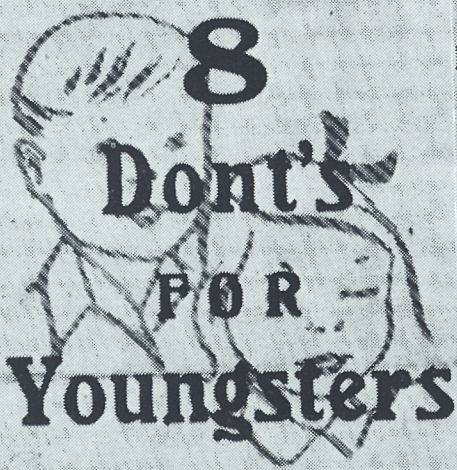
Do play with friends on playgrounds and in parks but never alone.

Do get the license number of cars and notify a Police Officer, teacher or parents or the person nearest when a stranger tries to bother you.

Your Police Department feels there is nothing more important than the safety of all children. And they wish more than anything else to keep you safe and prevent you from being harmed by persons who prey upon school children.

Parents, Teachers or Anybody seeing any suspicious person accosting a child please notify the police at once giving a description of the offender, description of clothing he or she is wearing, and the color of the car driven, but most of all the license number.

**REMEMBER — "POLICEMEN ARE
YOUR FRIENDS."**



These leaflets provided thru courtesy
The American Safety League in co-
operation with Your Police Department.

Eight Don'ts for Youngsters

Don't accept gifts of candy, ice cream, money, or anything from strangers.

Don't accept rides to school with strangers, wait for school bus.

Don't accept offers of a ride from persons you don't know.

Don't enter empty or unoccupied buildings with strangers.

Don't go to shows or amusement places with strangers.

Don't go with strangers who ask for directions.

Don't loiter or play near public toilets.

Don't sit on laps of strangers.

**Write down the license number
of any suspicious car.**





Blockprint Interviews Bob Krywy

After receiving Mr. Casey's tribute to Robert Krywy, we decided to interview him down at the Blockprint office. This task wasn't as easy as it might seem, for Robert Krywy ("Two Beers" as he is affectionately called), in fulfilling his regimen of being everywhere, is also nowhere when you want him. Much in the manner of a policeman. This Proverbial Policeman seems also to be a strong part of his self-discipline, to the extent of being an integral subconscious part of his personality and has extended beyond his physical ubiquitous absence into all facets of his sociological interactions. We at Blockprint believe that one of the prime values of an interview (especially in this case) is in direct, and without editorializing, exhibiting the personality of a person, as well as the views that he holds. However, Mr. Krywy immediately (albeit subconsciously) perceiving this value proceeded to give decidedly non-Krywyque answers to the questions posed and we all had to give him a hand in giving typical Krywy

answers. Mr. Krywy, undaunted, then proceeded to give much more typical answers than ours, but to questions previously posed, chosen at random by his mind. At which time the interview collapsed, which is a very Krywy thing to have happen.

Can your feelings be hurt?
I got used to it after fourth grade.

Do you really Play the violin?
Whats with the violin?

Where were you born?
In bed with a woman.

You can't be hurt at all?
Physically (POW!) yes.

What did you think of when you wore the town crier's outfit?
Nothing much - well actually, the money.

What did you do with the money?
They won't give it to me.

Why won't they give you the money?
Ronn, why won't you give me the money?

Where do you live?
Actually there's a lot of red tape involved, and that's why I haven't gotten any money.

What ticks you off?

Basically, I don't get too mad. If you ran the Zoo (R.I.S.D.) who'd be in the cages?

What if they get mad at me?
Do you use drugs?

Unnh, aspirin.
I see you in Homer Lounge a lot, How's your sex life?

Kinda revoltin'.
Then you engage in perversions?

No. Not to my knowledge.
Then why are you in the lounge so much?

How's that for a perversion?
Why did your appearance change?

My Appearance changed?
What did you just say?

O my God—
Actually, you can't remember what you say, do you?

Actually, I can, generally.
What did you say when I asked you that the first time? You gave a very good answer.

What?
How'd you get the name "Two Beers"?

Ronn, take my picture for the article now.
What hippie slang words do you use?

You really should say that it's red tape that keeps me from getting my money, It doesn't sound right to say they won't give it to me.

What records do you like?
I do play the violin a little.

How do you feel towards the new trend in unstructured music?
Groovy.

Just "groovy"?
My hippie word is groovy.

Don't you realize we're trying to give you a personality image by your answers?
You've been drinking too much.

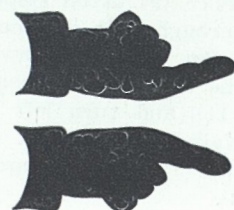
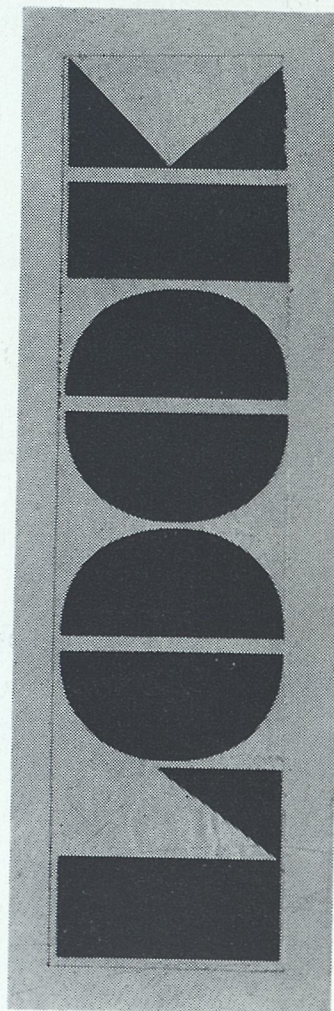
GAAAH.
What?

All right, we'll try again. Do you like the attention you're getting tonight?
Why don't you say "blank stare" for that?

Why?
Why what?

What?
What?

What?
What?

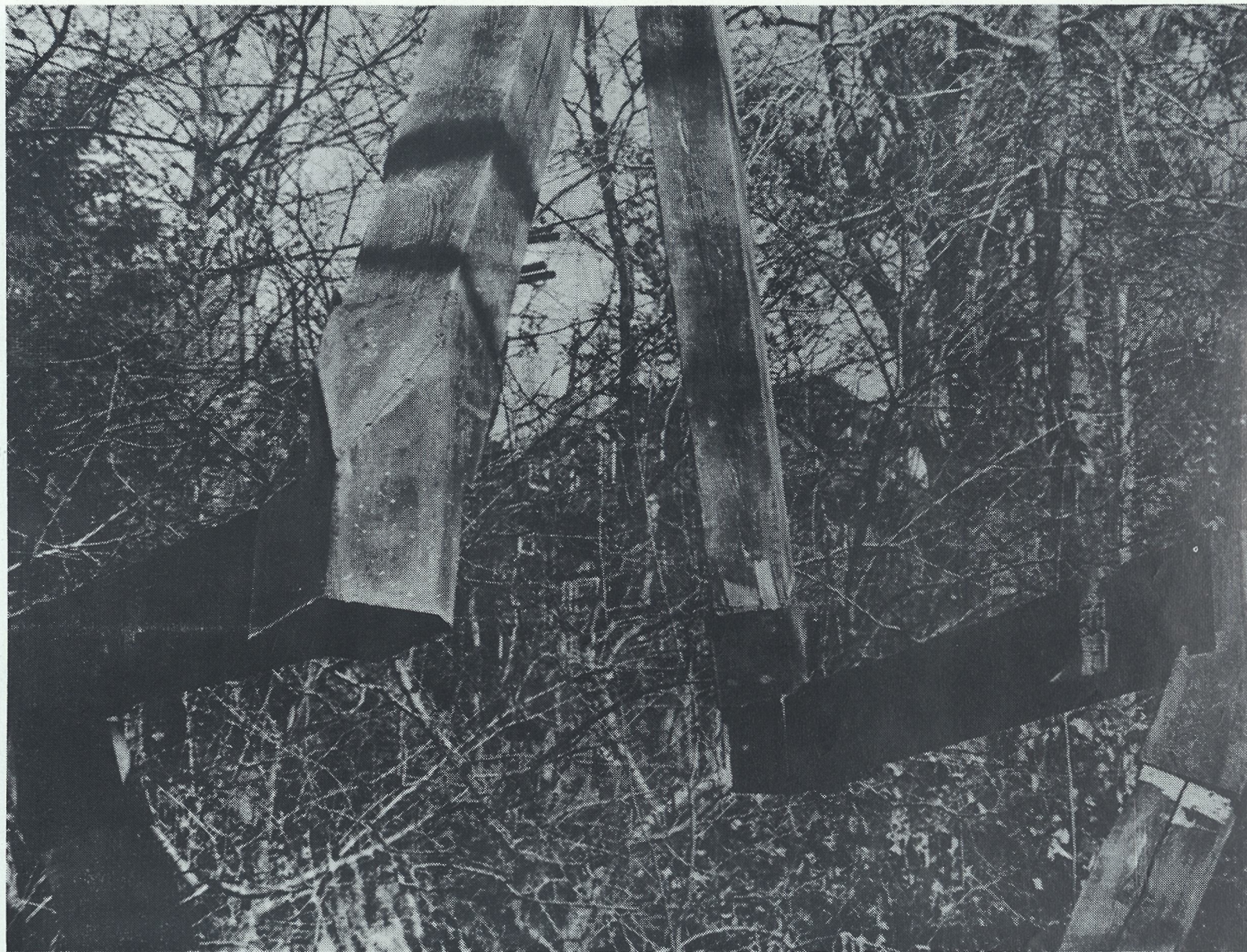


LOOK

There is a lonely sculpture standing in the Gerry mansion grounds. It's wood and steel and would like some drinking buddies very much. Michael Casey made it and drank the first few bottles with it, but he can't be there all the time. It's already put him way behind just building it.

So go up there kids, drink with it, look at it, and just groove with it because it's "groovy" (that's a new word Casey picked up back in Jersey over Thanksgiving). It wouldn't be hard to miss, it's the first thing to come out of the sculpture department bigger than Tom Morin and it was conceived as an outdoor thing, not just something to sit in a dinky little studio — it's outdoors where it belongs. Drink with it, make love with it (or to it), go see it.

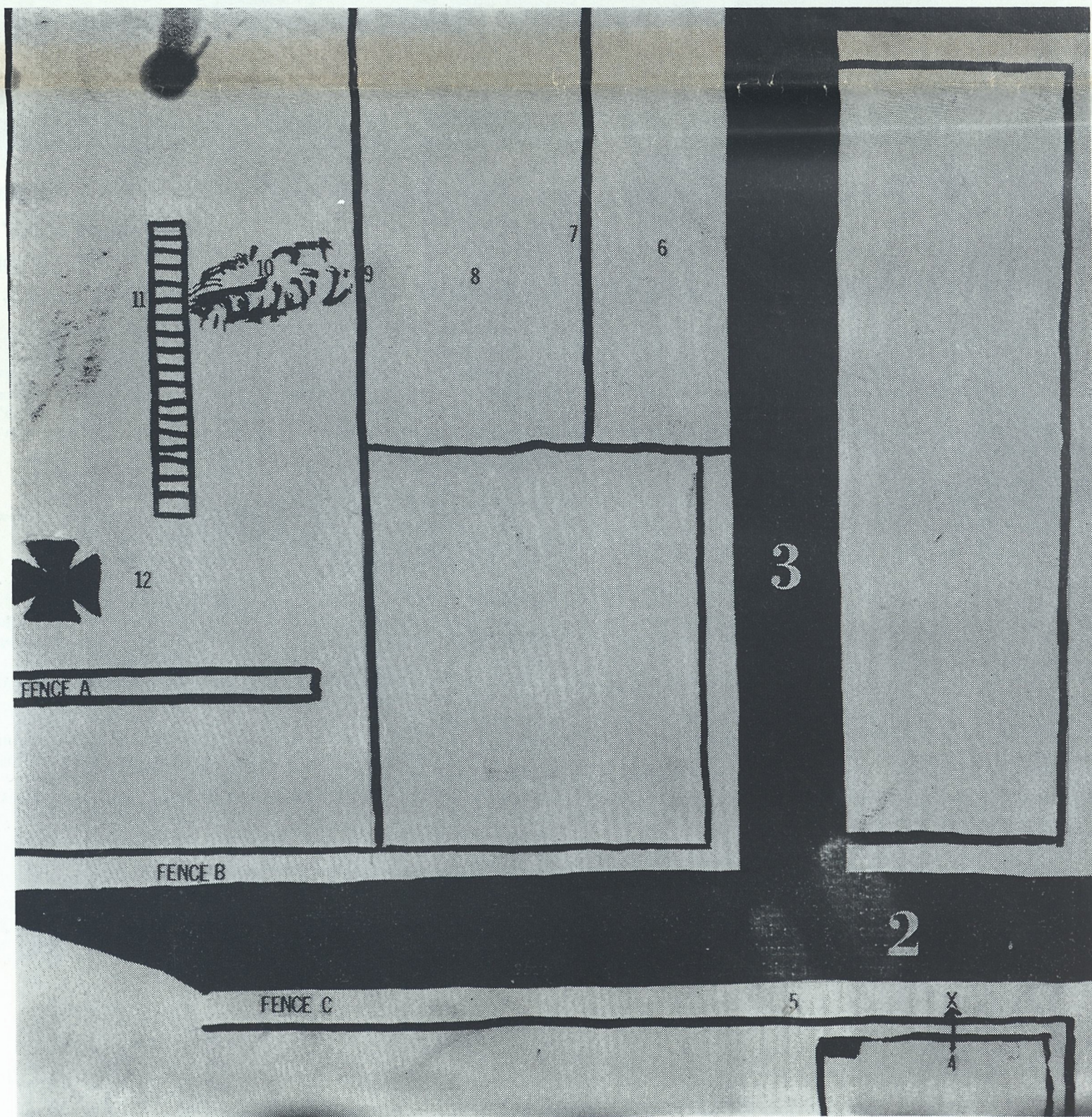
Smelly Joe



Mr. Casey with his creation



Go to Angell St. (1) travel up (or down) Angell St. (1) to Congdon St. (2) travel up Congdon St. (2) to Defoe Place (3) saying hello to Jim the janitor (4) standing on the sidewalk (5). Walk up Defoe Pl. (3) to Parking Lot (6) stepping under the fence (7) to the vacant lot (8). Traverse vacant lot (8) to hole in fence (9). After stepping nimbly through hole in fence (9), skip down foliated pathway (10) to the wooded wheel chair walkway (11) and turn left walk down walkway (11) to a small clearing (12) and you are where it's at.



The Mothers!

BP Says "Bye" To C. C. Leonard III

The Mothers of Invention — throbbing teenage polytonality thrash the "FREAK OUT" put on. Show of a few years back, vents forth with diverse and exciting music now. In live performance Frank Zappa directs the whole circus challenging the stoned and/or dumb to listen and maybe figure out the "hip" freak out put on. To know better. Somehow speaking with this music — a clear mesh of rock, jazz, and electronic — and just rapping at the people's mind doors, Zappa becomes indisputable.

"John Cage has been cranking out these weird things for years now . . . He's stuck in the obscurity of the better modern composers, which is to say the public doesn't like modern music at all, unless somebody says its OK to listen and then they only pretend to listen . . . we've derived a certain amount of technique from his experimental labor. We owe a great deal to him."

They don't pretend to know music. The eight minus one Mothers — sax, trumpet, drums, Timpany, bass, lead and sound tapes — began a demonstration and exploration into certain aspects of music — exciting juxtapositions of sounds, rythms, and tones were an unexpected and pleasant experience — Jimi Hendrix? They pile elements together which could be "manufactured into some instantaneous teen throb hit which will never be played on the radio in America but maybe in -Copenhagen . . ." But we're listening, Frank!

The Mothers' third album "Only, Just for the Money," not yet released, is where to find their best stuff. Zappa uses an English arbiter and a wah-wah — which does to the guitar sound just what it says — to make newer, almost eastern extentions. Eric Clapton, the king axman uses the same on an album you can get right now. The Cream's *Disraeli Gears*, a beautiful Beatle progression of these English blues kings from their last smash — *Fresh Cream*. Clapton, Bruce and Baker — try them.

Hydra Flowers Out Of The Pavement

Hydra is a very open group of young artists hoping to unify those doing in the visual and performing arts, the purpose to help find each other, surpassing geographical limitations, but not with group art as a result, but rather a cataloguing of talents or needs — The film-maker to reach dancers, the painters to find galleries, writers to find film-makers, the light sculptors to find musicians, etc. To bring all the doing people together, to bring to a head to this cataloguing, Hydra is presenting its free Electric Weekend, based at RISD, centering around a RISD Student Sale — Show, on February 2 and 3. Watch for details; a chance to make money and the experience of selling your work.

More details will be presented concerning this week, which will be attracting people from all over, with musicians hourly, poets, fantastic light show, short plays, dance troupes — a show-

Why has our finest R.I.S.D. youth so suddenly, as if out of thin air, been drafted? This question has been raised along with the sad and detained case of Charles Columbus Leonard III, affectionately known as "Charlotte, Red, Chucky Wucky." This flower of the architectural department, 3rd year sophomore, has indeed been handed a letter from the President of the United States. What series of events brought this tearful event to pass? Where is the famous and all kind God of our Fathers Whose almighty hand? Was the cause his being lax in his correspondence as his parents suggest, or was it the delayed action of the Registrar's office, as Jon Juros suggests? Was it the fact that he was out of school for a semester? What the hell was it?

Dear shadows now you know it all, it was none of these. It was because lovely Charlotte, or the wild Irish Rose as he was known to the flower people, was a "New Standards Man." O.K. What is the "New Standards Man." The "New Standards Man" is the man in Group IV of the Armed forces classification system. The Group IV man is he who scored between ten and thirty on the Army Entrance exams. He is given ten points for being able to sign his name, which is the only literary thing an artist does anyway, and the other twenty can come from analyzing from a picture that a bolt should be grouped with a nut. However as many of the group IV men fail the nut-bolt test it is more often than not



that it is the "X" on the bottom of the form that gains them entrance to the "Finest Fighting Force in the World, the U. S. Army."

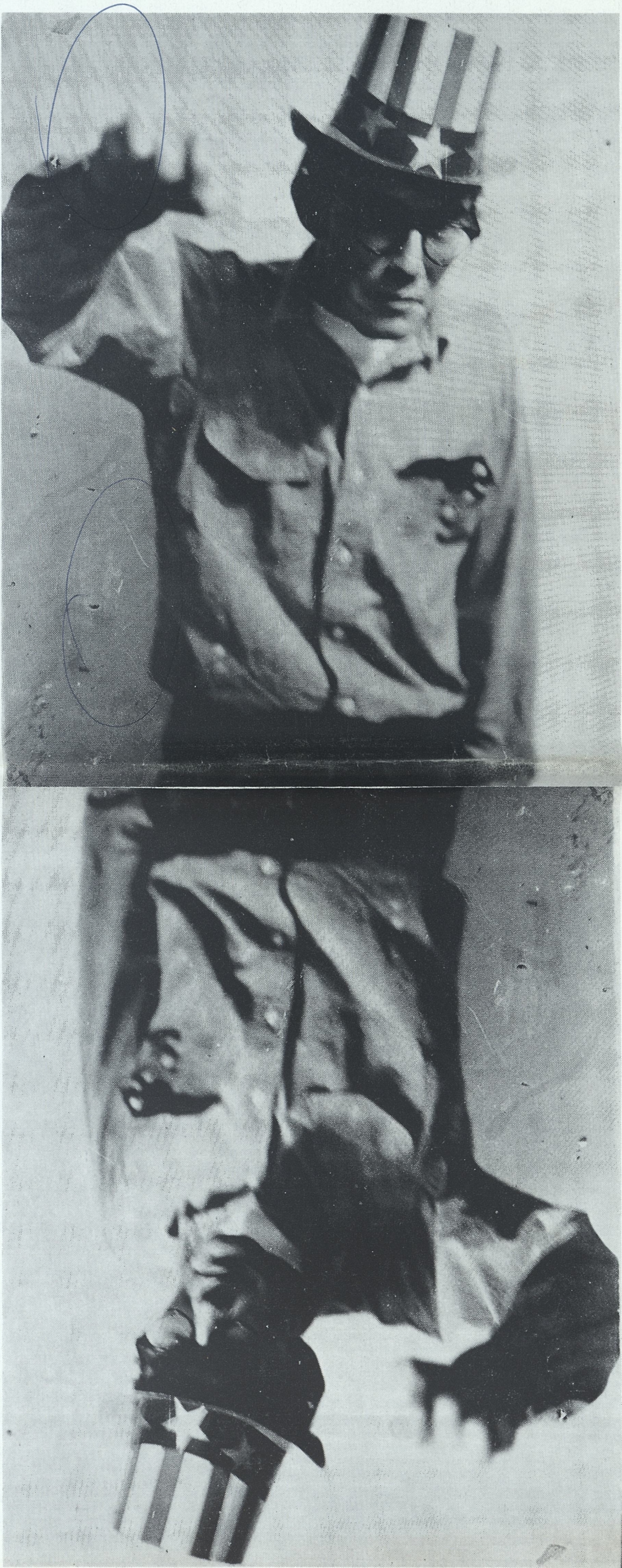
The Group IV man with his manifold talents rarely finds his way in industry, and seldom on the farm. It has been reported by the Department of Defense, however, that the group IV man fits well and easily into army life. It is this fact that is most disconcerting to the administration at our famous school. As administrators of a trade school they are too well aware that if they do not train their students in visual perception (the nut and bolt problem) and guide them into a trade, the man from the Lone Star State, soon to be joined by his governor, will take the students from their hands and guide them into another, and all together more original and rewarding career. This reflects badly on the facilities of our school, and poor Charley.

Never again shall we hear "Architecture is one of the three fine arts, only no one here knows it." Nor shall we hear his lilting fine Irish Tenor voice, nor see the flying red banner of his hair on the wind, nor see into the deep limpid pools of his rich deep eyes. Yes amigos he is gone down the pike. Adios.

place for the visual and performing arts, plus more than this coming.

So plan on it, watch for details, prepare for the sale.

PEACE AND LOVE
HYDRA



THE BUILDING OF A CHURCH IN THE MORNING

BY
RICHARD
GOSSELIN

AN ARCHITECTURAL POEM DESIGNED ...



2. On the hill where people stand ushered out of the wind.

3. The real numbers are like flowers and the dawn breaks smoothly upon the mind.

4. The relation of stars, the musical tides, drift into warmth of day . . .

5. The sun shines thru the open dome of the church roof.

6. It is morning that moves over paper and grass.

7. And the body growing luminous thru the symbolic hole in the eve.

8. Up from the bottom of the ground a drum of light is beating in the circular dark rings without — change Bringing about the Soul.

9. Then the real sky opens and once again the sun glows from the center of the atomic palm.

10. Your turn. You turn, and the soft morning turns around the window . . . You are seeing the house where you were born is the place where you have died between the rhythm of glass horns. And you knock upon the door of an archangel.

11. God is home, and answers: 'Who are you?'



12. I am the strange one; homeless. 'Then come in. Come in . . . ' the wall being lined unborn diamonds and the extra centuries of creation. You sit on the side of the familiar planet sip quietly from a cup and say: Isn't it cold?

13. His turn. He turns and says: 'Not only cold but alone' in a room full of ghost ships in a furious naval duel; shooting the dark waves with ice floats above the head of Evil's Captain rowing . . .

14. The noise of guns and ravaging bulks of steel and huge clattering seas at war goes on for a long time, then drops away as easily as it came.

15. Down the hall, noise of guns and ravaged hulks of steel and huge clatter of seas, finds its way into the silence of the steaming soup.

16. The chair creaks beneath you. You look around but where are you? You study the lines of the room to perceive some pattern known to you but no voice comes or body moves as you sit surrounded by motionless physical objects.

17. The purple tablecloth and the purple gloves nearby reminds you it is after the funeral, with a bowl of the planetary, and bread. Outside, the sun illuminates the blood and fire of the leaves.